

## RESULTS

i talk to the therapist  
don't know where i'm getting  
but wind up owing some money

i talk to con edison (the power company)  
they listen as patiently  
and let my bill slide for 30 days

— Cory Monaco

Bronx NY

## BAD COP

I heard on the NEWS today  
that a cop was shot in Turtle Creek:  
a member of the Wall Police Force.

Once a bunch of Wall cops  
beat my brother with a flashlight,  
took all our shoes off  
to check for hidden coke,  
frisked us by the balls  
until we keeled over,  
then took me for a night  
in the holding cell.

The lone reason for our harassment  
was that we were dressed too nice  
to be in such a dump.

We were just four guys  
who got drunk enough  
to head down to the Wall Hotel  
and look at the strippers.

By the time the NEWS cut to location,  
I'd already created the crime scene  
in my mind:

white tape around an overweight cop  
dressed in a yellow and orange  
flowered Hawaiian shirt  
opened to the belly  
to expose a dozen gold chains,

the bullet hole in the head  
bleeding strawberry filling,



the hole in the heart puffed out  
like a chocolate creme filled,

the eyes glazed over,  
coffee dripping from his nose.

#### THE VALUE OF LITERATURE

I wanted to get a tattoo which meant something  
only I didn't have a wife, girlfriend, lover  
or even a steady fuck.

I was also against the prospect of having MOM  
scribbled across my bicep.

What remained of my life was  
booze and books;  
booze taking a very close second to sex,  
occasionally nudging ahead  
during dry spells.

The prospect of having a beer can  
on my arm for the rest of my life  
(until laser surgery do us part)  
wasn't so good.

I thought about getting a poem  
but figured reading my arm  
wouldn't bring much enjoyment.

Finally after deliberation with a bottle of vodka,  
I decided on the cover of Gerald Locklin's  
THE FIREBIRD POEMS:  
a beautiful bird with green beak,  
orange and red feathers  
swooping with claws out.

Like most other small press readers,  
I'd elevated Locklin from Jesus to God  
shortly after the world discovered  
the wonders of Bukowski.

I dropped off the book a day early  
so the artist could draw the bird.  
He asked what the book was about,  
laughed when I said poetry, the tattoo  
on his jugular vein jerking with every laugh.  
I believe he was  
of the "books-are-for-pussies" type.

He said the tattoo would cost \$100.